

MISS HALLOWAY OF CHICAGO

...By MARY WOOD

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She was so decidedly petite that even when she drew her figure to its greatest height the assumption of dignity was laughable. But her eyes sparkled dangerously as she faced the bellboy.

The bellboy was impressed. He eyed the door as if meditating escape before she proceeded to stronger methods.

"Now, see here," she exclaimed deliberately, "this is the third time I have written to the office, and I want a reply this time."

"If you would go down to the desk," the bellboy intimated apologetically.

"Mr. Parker?"

"No, I will not go down to the desk," Miss Hallows interrupted decidedly.

"That head clerk Parker, or whatever name he answers to, shall come up here or I will know the reason why."

The bellboy departed promptly. "And, by the way," she called after him, "just hustle along some telegraph blanks on your way back. I have a few things to say to my father and some of his friends concerning the lack of accommodations at the Great Eastern."

"Oh, Belle, Belle," called Mrs. Hallows, who was sitting in a red plush sofa, "how can you make such a disturbance? Now, if your father was only here. But the two of us alone, without a protector!" And she rolled her eyes distractedly.

"To protect, fiddlesticks!" said the energetic Miss Hallows. "Have you no spirit, mother? She has been paid the floor, wouldn't you?"

"Would you be treated as a nobody—yes, the wife of Thomas P. Hallows? Consider your position."

Mrs. Hallows doubtless considered her position—she was absolutely at the mercy of her daughter's scolding tongue, therefore she maintained a discreet silence.

"They must be taught the deference due to us, the Hallowses of Chicago," said the girl. She was very young and possessed of the follies as well as the graces of youth.

The bellboy now reappeared, holding out a beautiful of telegraph blanks like a yellow flag of truce. "Mr. Parker," he cried, "he says—his coming."

Mrs. Hallows seized upon the blanks and flung herself into a chair beside the writing table. "There will probably be ample time to get off the telegrams before he comes. Things don't look so bright at the Great Eastern."

"But, Belle," said the girl, "I have just after the bellboy had closed the door in reverential fashion, 'had you not better slip on another waist, Mr. Parker?'"

"Mr. Parker," her daughter interrupted superciliously, "is a hotel clerk, a servant. This dressing sack is good enough for him."

She snatched of a telegram and read it aloud reflectively.

Dear Dad—We are being shamefully treated at the Great Eastern. If things are not remedied we will change to the Grand tonight. Love, Belle.

"I think that will make things hot for the Great Eastern," she said triumphantly. "She did not hear the knock at the door nor his soulless opening. Her mother's voice startled her. 'Belle, here is a letter, but remember—'"

Mrs. Hallows's voice trailed off into a deprecating silence. Miss Hallows straightened up in her chair with the audacious pride of a judge about to confer sentence.

"Mr. Parker," she said impressively, "I have called you here to complain of the treatment to which we have been subjected by this hotel. She began deliberately enough, but the words soon tumbled over each other in her vehemence. "How dare you," she cried.

"How dare you put me to this? I have been here for three weeks, in a room, back room, an eight dollar a day room, when we have always been accustomed to an eighteen dollar suite? Do you know who we are—the Hallowses of Chicago? Is not our money as good as or better than other people's?"

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BEING A BOHEMIAN

By Helen Rowland

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Dorothy Brockway ran gaily up the steps to the first class passenger coach as it stood in the Richmond depot.

"Ta, ta," she called gaily to a big fellow who stood beside the coach. "Bye, bye, Teddy. And with a pretty little movement she blew a kiss to the waiting man, then disappeared within the door of the train.

The man lifted his hat solemnly. Then he strode away with a quiet, hurt look in his eyes, not even waiting to see the merry face that peered out of the window as the train parted and puffed out of the station.

"Oh, brace up, Morrison! This won't do. There's no use making a mite of yourself for any fool girl who doesn't half appreciate you."

"You don't know anything about it!" And Terry Morrison walked off, leaving the man who had been trying to cheer him up standing where he was, a little chagrined and a bit sorry for the little fellow.

As the train whizzed past the outskirts of the city Dorothy Brockway stretched out her arms and drew a deep sigh of relief.

"Free, free, free!" she breathed in a passionate whisper and leaned back in the seat with a wonderful smile in her eyes and deep, joyous satisfaction permeating her whole being. "No more mamma's! No more Teddy! No more chaperons! No more tea parties! She went on. "Just for an hour, just for an hour I shall be a Bohemian. Oh, how I hate it all! Mamma's conventionalities! Teddy's bossing—dear old Ted! How broken up he looked!"

It was dusk as her train steamed into Jersey City and the hall sweepers on Park were sending forth a million twinkling lights that streamed over the water. Dorothy looked about her a little bewildered, but made her way hurriedly to the gates, followed by a fat porter who carried her grips. Through the bars she sped a smiling pair of eyes, and Corinne Morrison came to meet her with an amused look on her face.

"You dear little idiot," said Corinne as she kissed her and led the way to the ferryboat. "You absurd little greenie! Why on earth did you leave your good and glorious brother to come up to this seething caldron? Why didn't you stay at home and marry him and get supported for the rest of your life?"

"Connie," said Dorothy severely, "you don't know what it is to be bossed and bossed and bossed. I want to be Bohemian."

There was a queer little light in Corinne's eyes as she answered: "All right, well, let's begin right away. Come, we'll take a street car instead of a cab. It wouldn't be Bohemian to take a cab, you know. Bohemians are all poor. I'm a Bohemian!"

"But—but all these bags!" And Dorothy looked helplessly at the pile of leather suitcases beside her. "They aren't Bohemian either," and Corinne relentlessly led the way to the car, tugging two suitcases, while Dorothy followed helplessly with the rest.

Three-quarters of an hour later they were wearily climbing the stairs to Corinne's studio. Up one long flight, up two up three! Dorothy sat down in a heap on the dirty door to rest.

"Connie, is your studio in heaven?"

"Yes, when I sell anything. Come along, girl, you'll get there. It merely requires perseverance." And one more flight brought the two to a battered and damp room, smelling of mold and dampness. Corinne took out her latchkey and unlocked the door.

"Oh, how glorious!" sighed Dorothy, "to carry your own latchkey!"

"Delightful!" And Corinne's voice was a bit ironical.

Just three weeks later Dorothy rolled over wearily in her automatic combination bed and folding couch, a little tired but by day as an "oriental" with a lot of gaudy pillows piled upon it.

"Connie," she said tragically, "do you know just how much money I have between me and the cold, cold world? Well, do you? And I haven't sold a single thing I've written, and Connie, is there anything else in Bohemia besides work and disappointment and editors who won't see you?"

"Yes," said Connie doubtfully, "I believe there are the Hungarian restaurants. You need cheering up, girl. Well, do a Hungarian restaurant tonight. I'll telephone two of the boys from Park row to meet us somewhere, and we'll go to Martinetti's."

"Meet us? Meet us? Can't they call for us here?"

"Why, no," and Corinne turned reproachful eyes on Dorothy. "They are newspaper men, you know, and can only meet on hour or so from the office. Besides, that would be awful conventional. No, not that low cut frock, goosie. Pick out your plainest shirt waist if you're going slumming with me."

Dorothy set her teeth firmly and smiled away the little frown that had begun to cloud her forehead.

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